

## CENTRAL CROOK IN ARIZONA

**A Review of the Indian Wars in that Territory.**

**How a Handful of Savages Dictated Terms of Peace—Our Indian Policy Criticised.**

Since the spring of 1881 Arizona has been the national battle ground, says a

writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser. On the one side has been arrayed the forces which go to make up the total called civilization; on the other barbarism. It has been the white against the red. Up to 1875, though a great many white people had been killed, there had been no wholesale slaughtering. Since then there have been three wars, and

1881, 1883 and 1885 are dates which are burned deep into the brains and hearts of Arizonians, and will awaken for generations to come memories of horrors. In those years was proved the total inefficiency of the troops and the incapacity of

In 1876 the different branches of the Apache tribe were gathered together within the limits of the white Mescalero

reservation, and for the first time in the history of the territory a feeling that life and property were secure prevailed. The underbrush in the bottom lands gave place to grain fields, mosquito thickets to orchards, barrenness to manifold re-

suits of intelligent labor, the wickiup of the cottage, and the signal fires on the mountain top to the glare of the copper smelters at its base. The national wealth was increasing at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year from the gold and silver mines.

Diablo, a chief of the White Mountain Apaches, was dead, and Knock-a-de-Klenny, a medicine man, offered, for a present of ponies and trinkets, to bring him back to life. The price was paid

and the performance began. The mantle of God had not touched the shoulders of the Indian and he failed. The White mountains clamored for a fulfillment of the contract. Knock-a-de-Klenny told them that he could not succeed till the corn was ripe and the white man driven from the land. As soon as the corn

ripened another medicine dance was held. It was feared that the race hate of the Indians would be fanned into a flame by the medicine man, and so the Indian agent, J. C. Tiffany, invoked the aid of the military.

ried by less than one hundred soldiers and some Indian scouts, went to disperse the Indians and arrest the medicine man. The night following the arrest the troops camped on the Cibiou. No precautions were taken to prevent a surprise, and they were attacked by a party of White Mountains, assisted by the scouts they had brought with them, and nine men

and an officer, Capt. Hedges, were killed. One Indian, the medicine man, was killed, and he was under arrest. Capt. Carr retreated to Camp Apache, leaving stores and ammunition behind him, and he was again attacked under the very walls of his fort. Two of the chiefs who were engaged in the fight, George and Bonito, were afterward arrested by the Indian agent, taken to Camp Thomas on

On the 24th of September, and turned over to Gen. Wilcox. Within ten hours one of them was paroled and the other held in a United States uniform and enlisted as a scout. Dandy Jim and one other Indian were executed for the killing of Capt. Hentig. It is the only instance the writer remembers where an Apache was executed for killing a white man. There would not have been any punishment if the victims had been settlers.

dreaded of all the Apaches, heart of the victory of the White Mountains, and grew thirsty for blood. Ezra Hoag was in charge of them, and possessing much influence, held them for some time to their fealty. He could have continued to hold them, but an order issued by General Wilcox aroused their passions, and Juli, Gerónimo and Natchez, with seventy-five of the band, broke for Mexico, destroying property and killing as they went. Troops were put in motion, but they never overtook the murderers. At

In 1881, Gen. Crook, then in command, placed one of his subordinates, Capt. Crawford, at the San Carlos agency. A cavalry company covered the civil and military authorities. The Indians became disoriented—they had two masters to serve. Runners went from the

reservation into the Sierra Madres, and arms and ammunition were sent to Geronimo. The military authorities were aware of the situation, but they made no effort to stop it. Letters were sent to Washington begging for protection, and assurances given that another war was imminent. Still no action was taken. In the early part of May, 1876, the Indian war broke out, and that was the beginning of a sanguinary and horrible that it shocked for the nonce the Indian lovers in the east. The war, if that can be called a war in which unarmed non-combatants were killed on their doorsteps, and armed Indians stole their neighbors' stock—lost less than two weeks. Scores of people were killed, thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed and the Indians were safely back in their mountain re-

pusuit. Five forts—Bowie, Grant, Thomas, Hiraheuca and Lowell—all containing soldiers, lay between the most northern point reached by the raiders and the Mexican line. This is the foulest stain on the escutcheon of the American army. The soldiers were not without the rudimentary subordinates skill; but General Crook was handicapped by his personal ambitions and they would be interfered with if by killing the Indian heids he did violence to the pro-Indian sentiment of the east. After a conference with the Governor of Sonora, Gen. Crook sought the Chiricahuas in the Sierra Madre. He did not find them; they found him, and he was forced to retreat. He was not wounded, but he had lost his army.

Army with 50,000,000 of people behind it. So powerlessness was he with his two hands tied behind his back that the hostiles came into his camp and took the cartridges out of the belts of his Indian scouts. These scouts were a standing rebuke to the Indian's cowardice and ignorance of the Indian character. They belonged to a tribe that has always been disaffected, and which has intermarried with the Spaniards, the Yumas, the Tohono and the Maricopas, traditional foes of the Chiricahuas, who could have been employed, and who would have cleaned them off the face of the earth. The army that cleans the driftwood from the lake. Gen. Crook brought a lot of non-combatants back with him. Months afterward little bands of Indians were seen on the way and bringing with them merchandise that paid no duty and which was sold for their benefit, while the owners were armed and fought for the right. Mr. Teller, backed by public opinion, demanded that these In-

Mrs. Morrigh, lately deceased, who kept the Yale college club house, left a fortune of \$250,000.

Ben Perley Poore, of the recent Essex county, Mass., fair, carried off prizes for the best colts and oxen.

John M. Frantz is envied by many a dyspeptic. He is blessed with an exceptionally good appetite.

George Bancroft is a great cultivator of roses and is lord of Washington, though small, is very charming.

Dr. Mary Walker never looked under the bed for a burglar. She is too much of a man to be afraid of anything.

Lulu Hurst accomplished the greatest feat of her life when she lifted a mortgage from her back.

Ed Corrigan, of Kansas City, has fairly won the title of king of the turf. His stable of runners have won \$100,000 this season.

Beaumont talked in a soft, low voice, Gladys talked in a shrill, high voice, and Salisbury, not being so great, talks more loudly.

It is believed by many New Yorkers that the man who wrote the "Lullaby of the Great Civil Service Bureaucracy" never is thought of as a poet.

more than twenty years by the government, and the price of the cotton has risen to about two cents a pound on the cheapest and commonest varieties. That money, amounting to millions in the aggregate and exacted from every man and woman in the country, has, through the window, has gone into the pockets of the manufacturers.

These few manufacturers are immensely rich. They form combinations to regulate production and fix prices. Their few workmen, after three years of depression, when nearly all wages have been cut, are now getting a little more, when in almost every branch of industry an improvement is noticeable, compelled to accept still another cut in their wages.

**THE THANKS OF MANY THOUSAND INVALIDED mothers, worn out with caring for cross and sickly children, have been and will be returned, for the relief and cure of their offspring, by the use of Dr. Richmond's Samarian Nerve, \$1.50 at druggists.**

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\*\*\* Pile tumors, ruptures and fistula, radically cured by improved methods. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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## Nebraska National Bank

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Paid Up Capital.....\$250,000.00  
Surplus, May 1, 1890.....50,000.00

H. W. YATES, President.  
A. E. TOTHMAN, Vice President.  
W. V. MORSE,  
JOHN S. COLLINS,  
LEWIS S. REED,  
W. H. S. BUGHES, Cashier.

BANKING OFFICE:  
**THE IRON BANK.**  
Co. 13th and Farnam Streets.  
A General Banking Business Transacted.

PAID UP CAPITAL.....\$250,000.00  
 STOCK, May 1, 1887..... 25,000.00  
 H. W. YATES, President.  
 A. E. TROZELLIS, Vice President.  
 W. V. MOORE,  
 JOHN S. COLLINS,  
 LEWIS S. REED,  
 W. H. S. HUGHES, Cashier.  
 BANKING OFFICE:  
**THE IRON BANK.**  
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